

Title: Daemonism - Volume II, Part One

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In Volume I (if you have not read it I highly suggest going back to it first) I spoke last of the Daemons living within the Dungeon of Hythloth. These beast have been givin an open doorway to our world by some form of dark magic I dare not speak of here, as I am sure it is best left untold to the world. These creatures appear in this area with free will, not bound to orders or commands, and they freely kill any who dare step into their domain upon this world.

What I shall do within this volume is take you into Hythloth, tell you of my travels within the dark halls, and hope to give some insight on the Daemon, and possible some new questions.

When I arrived within the Dungeon I could still feel the moist air from the above jungles. Within but a few steps down the hall however, this moisture was replaced with the heat of hell fire. I knew what this heat was, buit let me explain to you now so that you know as well.

As I opened the large metal door, I was greeted with the fearce growl of a hound. This hound was unlike anyother upon our world however. Its coat was of fire and its eyes a bead of yellow light. The horror of such beast is that you know what comes next shall be pain, but often enough one can slay them with ease with a good trained sword arm or spell. What is more horrific however, is the unknown to the common. Hell hounds are beast of the Abyss, much like the Daemon. These hounds of flame are in fact called the pets of the Daemon.

Wherever you find such a beast you shall often find a Daemon within the same area. In this case, the Daemons use these packs of Hell Hounds to guard the upper levels of the Dungeon. Daemons summon these beast in great numbers inorder to insure the visitor's death. Sometimes this works, sometimes it does not. In my case, I survived along with my companion and friend Esa Stewart. We faught the packs of hounds for hours it seemed, as they continued to rush down hidden corners and dark hallways. Finaly, just as we were about to enter the second level of the dungeon, we stoped to rest. Esa was

standing just a few feet away from me and I was summoning a Daemon to help us get through the next level.

Suddenly we heard cries of death come down the hallway we had just passed through a short while ago. Without any time to prepare, a pack of fifteen or so hounds came rushing down after us. Esa had no time to even pull out her kryss before they rushed around her, jumping, breathing flames, and clawing at her flesh. The daemon quickly responded to my commands and began to beat the hell hounds off of her, knocking them every which way with his huge fist.

Sadly...Esa fell. Then I watched as they all turned and began to attack the deamon. He faught with the hounds wildly. Pulling them off him as they jumped up, casting spells, trying everything to keep them away from me.

At last, the Daemon fell as well, and what was left of the hounds came rushing after me. I spoke quickly the words to the spell I had prepared. Suddenly the spell cast as burst of firing rock swarmed down upon the beasts, killing them all. (Cont.)